VARIETY IN SUMMER HOMES

BACK TO NATURE AT ONE RESORT IN NEW JERSEY.

Hotels, Camps and Land and Water Pastimes at Lake Hopatcong More Summer Hotels Begin Their Season Offerings of the Canadian Lakes.

Out in Jersey is a place where you don't have to dress for dinner; neither do you have to dress for breakfast. There are two reasons for that; one is that there isn't any breakfast and the other is that you don't wear clothes anyhow. It's a case of all day with nothing on but sunshine and sometimes mud.

This is Bethesda, at Milton, Morris county. It is a place which a German physician, Dr. Charles Lauterwasser of Newark, conducts as a sanitarium. It was founded ten years ago and since then its conveniences and its picturesqueness have greatly increased.

Dr. Lauterwasser describes himself as a nature physician. His treatment involves a virtual return to primitive conditions, including no clothes, cold water, sleeping mostly on the ground, mud baths, applications of clay and strict diet of uncooked foods.

Bethesda is situated in the Longwood Valley between Green Pond and the Bowling Green mountains. The elevation is about 1,200 feet. There are two parks in the institution's grounds, one for men and the other for women. "The parks," says Dr. Lauterwasser, "are completely enclosed by high fences, completely shutting out trespassers and the inquisitive."

You don't have to sleep on the ground unless you want to. If the weather is inclement or in a tent to sleep in which is well ventilated, or a hut. They are arranged, says the doctor, "so that any patient may go directly from his hut into the open air and take light, air, sun, earth or rain baths. During clear nights patients may sleep directly on the ground in the open air and thus enjoy the entire power of mother earth's healing power. The false fear of taking cold is dispelled after the first treatment."

If the weather is so cold that you don't want to sleep in a tent or a half open hut you can find a warm place in a house elsewhere in the institution's grounds, but they say that most of the time the patients sleep just as if houses hadn't been invented yet.

A good many of the patients don't stay within the enclosure all the time, but put on some sort of light clothing and go off for long walks in the hill country aroundabout. There is boating and fishing too, so that you can think yourself in a summer resort instead of a sanitarium if you want to.

Dr. Lauterwasser goes on the theory that people are out of tune with their surroundings nowadays and that they have drifted a long way from the normal in the matter of living. He admits that a good deal has been done in the way of sanitation to make people accord with a kind of life that they were never intended to lead, but he believes that on the whole people are a long way from sympathy with their environment yet. That is one of the ways he accounts for the diseases that flesh is heir to.

So he has worked out his idea for getting back to nature. "The value of the natural remedies," he says, "such as light, air, water, sun, earth, magnetism and diet, rest, exercise, &c., were well known thousands of years ago, but in time forgotten again." These are the things that he has revived the use of, and he declares that he has made cures in all sorts of diseases with all sorts of persons.

So it is that consumptives sleep on the grass and after a while are able to go away. It's a simple enough programme, but there are plenty who say that it has done wonders for them.

A resort of another kind, just the same distance from New York, is Lake Hopatcong, forty-seven miles from New York by the Lackawanna Railroad. The nearness of Lake Hopatcong is nothing against it when you are thinking of commuting every day or even when you've got your family out there and join them for the week end. Lake Hopatcong has all the advantages of resorts further away. You can go swimming, push a canoe about one of the prettiest lakes in this part of the country, sail a boat, row, motor, play golf or tennis or just walk.

Lake Hopatcong is pretty high. Where the train stands at the station at Lake Hopatcong it is 912 feet above mean tidewater. The hotels in the region are higher. For the sake of comparison it is worth noting that Lake George is 700 feet lower. You can get there in an hour and a half by the Lackawanna Railroad.

Hopatcong in the Indian language means Honey Cove of Many Waters. Just how many there are you can understand when you know that the shore line of the lake measures eighty miles.

You'd never mistake Hopatcong for a Canadian lake. The shores are gentler. The trees are for the most part hardwood, and anybody who feels the character that trees give to a landscape knows that hardwood trees are indicative always of softness. The pines and spruces of Canada aren't gentle. No matter how fair they look from the water, you know that they will turn upon you and tear you if they get a chance. That's the difference between soft and hard woods: they're just opposite to their names.

Lake Hopatcong is nine miles long and a mile wide. It's big enough for good sized steamers and for sailing boats, and of course it's a great place for canoes. There are fish in the lake too, and if you don't get a string of black bass when the day is done, why, you're not much of an angler.

There are many things to do on Hopatcong. Go one day to Byram and another to Henderson's Cove, and figure out whether you could scale the cliffs, which are said to be hundreds of feet high. They look as if they were.

If you go to Nolan's Point of an evening you can have a picnic and a dance, which is a new kind of picnic to most summer resort visitors. You can go mountain climbing up the Devil's Staircase, or trace some of the old Indian trails which they point out to you as being the survivals of the real Indian trading routes in that part of Jersey.

There are two gateways to Hopatcong, one at Hopatcong station, from which the visitor takes a steamer to the various hotels and camps, the other at Mount Arlington station, from which a drive of about a mile brings you to the edge of the cliffs overlooking the lake with its many coves and inns. All trains are met by steamers at Hopatcong and at Mount Arlington by automobiles and stages.

There are many good hotels on Lake Hopatcong, so many of them indeed that you can choose without much reason. You can find places where a clean shirt is worth dinner coats in the evening and places where it isn't. The new Breslin Hotel is one of the best summer hotels around New York.

Among the summer hotels which have recently opened is the Mozen Top Hotel and cottages at Quaker Hill, N. Y. In the interval since the closing of the last season the manager has spent $30,000 in improving the place. It has installed many new baths and the drainage system has been overhauled. There is a thousand gallon boiler to supply hot water to the private baths throughout the hotel. They say that the whole contents of the boiler can be heated in two minutes.

The Passaconaway Inn at York Cliffs, Me., opened June 25. The inn is only twelve miles north of Portsmouth, N. H. At York Cliffs you can go driving along the beaches, which in this region are exceptionally smooth and hard; play tennis and golf, bathe and go boating. The York Cliffs Golf Club offers membership to the guests of the hotel and cottages. The links of the club overlook the ocean and are only three minutes or so from the hotel.

The hotel at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., has been open about ten days. The season opened with a pretty large body of regulars and new visitors too. There were representations from every State west of the Mississippi, it is said, with the usual big gathering of true Southerners. Among the visitors who will be at White Sulphur Springs for the whole season is Minister Gude of Norway, who is there with his wife and daughters. There will be a number of conventions at White Sulphur Springs during the season, among them that of the West Virginia Bar Association.

The New Haven Railroad announces that the closer traffic relations with the Boston and Maine will make travelling to the northern part of New England from New York easier than ever before. There is a new day train between New York and Portland. Leaving New York at 9 A. M. it reaches Portland at 6:20 o'clock P. M. Returning it leaves Portland at 8:40, reaching New York at 5:55 o'clock. It runs by way of New Haven, New London, Providence, Lowell and Haverhill.

There is a new train to Williamstown, Mass., also, and it follows a route which hasn't heretofore been used. The train leaves New York at 1:30 P. M., goes to Springfield, and thence to Williamstown over the Boston and Maine by way of Greenfield. There is also to be a new train to Keene, N. H.

This is the time for the opening of the season on the Muskoka Lakes. The Canadians have a good deal to offer in this lake country of all sorts. You can live as comfortably as you can at any summer resort in the United States, or you can rough it to the very limit, without seeing a human being for days. The innumerable Canadian lakes give a boundless chance for explorations.

FOR A KING'S FUNERAL.

Some of the Items for Court Mourning When George I. Died.

One of the English magazines publishes an itemized account of the mourning bills when George I. died. The total cost of the carpets, hangings, cloth for mourning, uniforms of warders, yeomen of the guard, chapel children and the making of the same was about $35,000.

One of these items is a tailor's charge of more than $5 for making "a black coat for the Ratkiller." There were some attempts at economy, for there is a charge of £50 by one Thomas Hawgood, embroiderer, "for taking off the bullion badges from the laced coats and putting them on the mourning coats of 100 yeomen of the guard and forty warders of the Tower of London."

Among other things provided were 140 pairs of large black leather gloves for the yeomen of the guards and the warders of the Tower, ten pairs of black kid and twenty pairs of lambskin gloves for the children of the chapel, 140 pairs of large black rolling stockings for the yeomen of the guard and the warders of the Tower and black leather waistbelts and mourning hilted swords for them; cost, £116 7s. 6d. The glass sconces in St. James's Palace were taken down and the branches and borders of the chandeliers were all lacquered black.

Some of the interesting items given in the *Queen* are:

For sixty-four yards of black three-quarter wide taffeta for sixteen pair of trumpets and four pairs of kettle drum banners, and making them for the four troops of Horse Guards, £67 12s. For thirty-one yards of the same taffeta for nine pair of trumpets and one pair of kettle drum banners, and making them for the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, £33 6s. And for embroidering a black coat on the back and breast with his Majesty's letters and crowns and on the arm with rats and wheatsheaf for the Ratkiller, £4 8s. 9d.

Anne Colthorpe, seamstress, for making thirty shirts, sixty pair of large sleeves, sixty plain bands, sixty pair of plain cuffs, and thirty pocket handkerchiefs for the ten children of the chapel, £4 5s. 1d.

For thirty-two yards of black cloth to cover the communion tables, pulpits, reading desks and cushions for French and Lutheran chapels at St. James's, £19 4s. For fourteen and a half yards of superfine black cloth for a carpet for the communion table, pulpit cloth and cushions, and to cover two benches, two Bibles and two common prayer books, and two long cushions for the Lord's seat.

John Bell and partner, mercers, for seven yards of black velvet for a bag for the Crown, and twelve yards of black Mantua silk, to cover the table and Crown at the Parliament House, £12 16s., and for fifty-five yards of white satin to cover a bolster, pillows and mattresses, and eighty-five yards of white sarsenet for a pair of blankets for a white cloth bed at St. James's, £58 2s. 2d.

For two and a half yards of superfine purple in grain cloth for a stool and cushion for the Queen, and three cushions for the eldest Princesses in the Lutheran chapel, £2 15s.

ENEMIES OF THE TREES.

Forest Service Fighting Porcupines, Field Mice and Chipmunks.

From the Denver Republican

The latest enemy of the national forests on whom war has been declared by the forestry service is the fretful porcupine. The quill armored rodents are destroying hundreds of fine trees, and the Biological Survey has sent experts to Colorado from Washington to study and devise some way to exterminate the pests.

The destruction of timber by porcupines is worse in the Routt national forest than any other place in Colorado at present. The animals are herbivorous, their diet consisting principally of grass, shrubs and roots, but the heavy snows in the mountains cover all this substance, compelling them to seek other food. As a consequence they go to higher altitudes and eat the bark from the Engleman spruce and lodge pole pine, circling the trees with their sharp teeth and eventually causing them to die. No statistics have been gathered as to the total destruction caused by porcupines, but it has been approximated that many thousands of trees are annually destroyed by them. The fact that a reconnoissance party on the Routt forest recently killed twenty-one porcupines in two days in a comparatively small area will give an idea of the large number of the animals there.

Yesterday Dr. N. Dearborn of the Biological Survey arrived from Washington and left for the Routt forest this morning to study the porcupines and study out some means of either stopping their ravages or exterminating them.

Prof. D. E. Lantz, also of the Biological Survey, accompanied Dr. Dearborn from Washington. He will go to the Pike national forest to study the ravages made by field mice, chipmunks and other rodents in the reforestation areas recently sown with seed. Because of the depredations of these rodents the method of sowing pine seed by aëroplane has proved practically a failure, the animals eating all that are scattered on the ground. Even where the seed are put in the ground with corn planter the animals dig them up unless they are planted at a depth so great as to prevent germination.

The service has tried experiments of poisoning the seed before it is planted, but these methods have proven practically ineffective because of the great damage done by the rodents before they expire and also because the poison is applied to the outer surface of the seed, which is removed by the animals before eating the kernel.

Experiments will be tried of riddling the area to be seeded of rodents by first scattering poisoned grain, which the field mice and chipmunks eat readily. The ground will then be planted with pine seed. It is believed that this plan will be successful because of the limited area, only about an acre, which the average field mouse or chipmunk ranges over.

STUDIES IN SUPERSTITION

The Old Shaving Glass.

I.

The house stood back from the quiet street, a picture of home in white and green. There for many years Prof. Thayne, the philologist, had lived, and there Dr. Achilles Blore, the renowned professor of archæology at Pierson University, was now to dine with the widow of his old associate and friend.

Though engrossed with his vocation and stealing hours from it and the night for that study of superstitions which was his pet avocation, the doctor yet revisited occasionally this scene for many years of his solo social relaxations to show his regard for the living and his respect for the dead. Was there another reason, unadmitted, secret? Truly, the doctor did turn with pleasure toward the fresh young beauty of Edith Willis, who made her home with her aunt, Mrs. Thayne.

A decent looking laborer, for all his rough beard and black pipe, lounging under the elms at the corner, stepped up to the doctor with a pull at his over-shadowing hat.

"Hist, doctor," he said. "One word, please. You know me, don't you?"

"What? Jim Lance!" cried the doctor, his ears rather than his eyes recognizing the detective.

"Yes, sir. I think the job I'm on will be of the sort you told me to let you know about. It is sure a mortal queer one.

"The captain sent me to the college president the morn. The young Greek tutor, Grenville Carey, is missing. It's all on the quiet yet, you understand, but so far as I can learn he was last seen going into this house two nights ago.

"Now, if you would be so kind as to remember any possible hint or mention of him it might be helpful when I come to your tower rooms to tell you more about the case. At midnight, sir? Yes, I'll be there, faithful."

It was as peaceful within the house as without. Domesticity hovered lovingly over the dining room, with its old fashioned furniture, its family portraits dull faded and its polished andirons and rude crane set deep within the high mantel, on a corner of which stood a small antique mirror swung in a bronze frame richly wrought.

And yet the doctor was conscious of a difference, a difference of restraint. He read it in the wan smile of his hostess. It was even more manifest when Edith Willis, pushing aside her plate untasted with an abrupt excuse, hurried from the room.

"Memento mori, doctor," said Mrs. Thayne. "To you, one of the very few who know the tradition and history of it, I may say that the shadows you feel come from the old shaving glass."

The sentimental sympathy he had felt for Edith's disquiet vanished now before an interest that revived the more absorbingly for the weight of years. Again he heard Prof. Thayne tell with simple pride that this relic always fell and broke its glass before the death of a member of the family. Again he recalled the white face of the widow when on making his condolences over the sudden taking off of his old friend she had whispered how the maid, coming at daybreak into the room all drawn and closed for the night, had found the shaving glass fallen to the floor.

Why had he neglected to investigate so startling an instance of the working of a superstition which had kept vital through the ages among his own race, to delve into the hearsay and conflicting evidence of remote alien folk recorded in musty manuscripts of doubtful meaning and more doubtful origin? At least now he would not make such a mistake again. At least now he would see and test for himself.

The doctor stepped to the mantel and took down the mirror in his two hands. Doubtless from the thickness of the bronze frame, and the way the glass was swung back from it, the reflecting surface glimmered darkly like the sea in the sullen light after a storm.

He could see his own image, of course, but it was not the image of his self-satisfaction. There were crafty twitches to the lips, and surely any one must say that cruelty lurked in the corners of his narrowed eyes. He set back the mirror so impatiently that with the bang there was also a rattle.

"It seems to be all right enough, madam," he said somewhat gruffly.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Thayne, "the glass itself, thank God, is intact, but didn't you hear, one of the side pieces is cracked. We found the mirror lying again on the floor Thursday morning. We fear, we fear—"

"Not for yourselves?"

"No; for some one near and dear. Though I do not like Grenville Carey, he is to be as near to me as he is dear to Edith. They are engaged, you understand. Though they are considering so important a matter as the ways and means of marriage, he has nothing but his salary, and Edith is of course dependent on me; she hasn't seen or heard from him for three days."

II.

"I think you are mistaken, Jim Lance," said Dr. Blore, when the detective had come to his tower room. "The ladies have not seen or heard of Carey for several days. Miss Edith has written and telephoned to him again and again, without a response. It is queer, under the circumstances."

"That's what I said, sir; it is queer enough," returned Lance. "I suppose, being a member of the faculty, you know that the reason why the president wants Carey's absence kept so quiet is that Wednesday night, the night when he was last seen as I still believe, the sophomores had their annual blowout in the basement of the old State House.

"He fears that some of the wilder boys may have kidnapped the tutor; there is no doubt of his unpopularity with the class, and something so grave that they don't dare tell about it may have happened. Not an unlikely theory, either; for from all I hear Carey is a mean, prying sort of a chap, saving your presence.

"But all the same, Doctor, I have it from so sure a source as old Mrs. Weymouth, who lives directly across on the side street, that he was seen entering the Thayne house by the basement door on Wednesday night, at 11 o'clock. She saw him herself. There's a reason why she doesn't want to be mixed up in it, but I did her a service once, and she told me. You may remember the moon was bright that night."

"As it is overcast now," remarked the Doctor musingly, even dreamily. "However sharp Mrs. Weymouth's eyes, she couldn't see any one entering there tonight."

"So I was thinking, sir, myself," agreed Lance timidly.

"A queer old house, Lance, with nooks and crannies to hide, and rooms never opened, where a helpless man might die before discovered. The lower part is as deserted as the tomb after 9 o'clock; the servants sleep off in the wing. Any one who did enter under cover of such darkness as this would be free to see and test, and no harm done."

"You are speaking my very thoughts, Doctor, as I didn't quite dare speak them. It is my duty, as I see it, to follow up so straight a clue, but Mrs. Thayne, and Miss Edith too for that matter, is so highly respected. The suspicion would seem to insult, especially—well, no matter about that, sir."

"Especially, Jim? Either be frank or silent. I won't work on half confidences."

"Especially, Doctor, as Mrs. Weymouth is dead positive that it was Miss Edith herself and no one else that let Carey in the side door. There would be no trouble about it either with the set of keys I always have handy, but—"

"Here is the key of the side door itself," said the doctor briskly. "I managed to secrete it when I was rummaging around downstairs over my after dinner cigar. My scientific interest in certain phases of the case more than justifies me in going along, since you seem loath to go alone."

"Then, doctor, we had best start at once if we would be out again before the break of dawn."

Surely he who rides a hobby should be strong of mind. It will amble along comfortably when once it consents to be guided until it comes to the fork in the road, the parting of right and wrong, but then look out lest the stubborn beast bolts headlong down the way its rider but a moment before would never have dreamed of choosing.

It chanced after all that Jim Lance had to make use of his burglarious kit. The key the doctor had handed him did not work in the lock, but a smart tap with a little steel hammer made it docile.

In an instant they were safe and sound within the roomy basement of the Thayne house, and while Lance lighted his dark lantern he gave this hammer to the doctor to hold. The doctor did hold it, the more securely by slipping it into his pocket.

Was the design that prompted this impulse clear in the old archæologist's mind? Rather his mind was obsessed by an overpowering craving to know. It all could not be merely a matter of coincidence.

According to Mrs. Thayne the records of the family showed six successive instances when the shattering of the glass of the mirror had been quickly followed by the death of a member of it.

The doctor's own observation too had intensified this scientific curiosity. While roaming about the house after dinner he had met Edith coming up the stairs. The girl was obviously agitated and confused, as if oppressed by a secret. Even then he had shrewdly asked him whether it could be that Carey for some unknown cause was lying hid in one of the many rooms downstairs?

Now Lance's statement had verified a theory which his own chance remark rounded out and completed. What had he said? That a helpless man might die there before discovered. Why then he believed, yes, he did believe, that Carey was lying there injured, and that the crack in the bronze frame was in some way accountable for it. If this were so, oh, if this were so how much more convincing might be the shattering of the glass itself!

"Grope around here for a moment, Lance," whispered the doctor suddenly, "while I reconnoitre upstairs. We must take every precaution."

Hammer in hand he slipped up into the dining room.

III.

"I hope it's not so wrong up there, sir, as it is down here," murmured Lance when the doctor presently descended.

"There is nothing wrong up there," replied the savant, though with a qualm which was to get more acute. "What do you mean?"

"Come and see for yourself, if you please."

Lance led the way to the rear, through offices for housework to a laundry long unused. He drew the slide over his lantern, for there was a glimmer around sufficient for sight. It came from a window cut in the wall, evidently for the purpose of giving light and air to an interior room. He pointed to a row of tubs underneath, himself holding back.

The doctor, unaffected by any such delicacy, leaped as nimbly as a boy on the cover of the tubs and peered through the opening on a scene sufficiently strange to satisfy even his scientific curiosity.

Carey was stretched on a rude sort of a couch, while Edith Willis, with all of a nurse's attention, sat by his side. It was not the mortal pallor on the young man's face that fascinated the doctor, but rather the look of all engrossing, avid desire, which reminded him disagreeably enough of how his own purpose had constrained him.

"You must, Edith," Carey was saying in the ghost of a voice. "I will be all right if I can only lie here and rest for another day until I recover from the jar of that cursed fall. I won't have a physician; I won't have it known that I have been here all this while. What will make me well, yes, well and strong right away, is to have you do what I ask and thus relieve me from this anxiety about our future."

"I don't dare, Grenville, it would not be right," replied the girl softly.

"It would be right, or if wrong at all, so subtly, academically wrong, as to be ignored by persons of our good sense in this matter of fact world. You don't believe in that foolish superstition, do you? Why, of course you don't. But your aunt does, absolutely, abjectly, your old, worn out aunt, who yet lives on and on to keep from us the money with which we should be happy.

"Why, that mirror is nothing more or less than an idol; and there is Scriptural authority for smashing idols. Go, then, and smash it, as I would have done had I not slipped and wrenched myself so on the stairs that I couldn't return after you told me that only the frame had broken.

"If she is so wicked, yes, wicked, as to believe that her own end is contingent on its integrity, why, we can't help the physical effects of her delusions, can we? She must take the consequences of them."

There was a convulsion of Carey's frame, a feverish glitter of his eyes that had even more effect than his words. With a despairing gesture Edith sprang to her feet and hurried out of the room so fleetly that had it not been for her own sad preoccupation she must have noticed the doctor and Lance. As it was she glided by unheeding. Her steps faintly led through the offices and up the stairs in the all pervading silence.

"I heard it all, sir," said Lance as the doctor bent low. "What did I tell you? That's a bad case in there, in whose heart at least the love of money has turned to murder. I hope she won't smash the glass, sir, to please him."

"She won't," responded the doctor gloomily, for already the possible consequences of his own act were crowding upon his conscience.

"But that's what she has gone for to do, doctor, thinking of course to satisfy him, and not at all intending her aunt harm. It seemed to me that she did not quite take in his point, a cunning, infernally cunning point, sir, that terror over the glass being so mysteriously smashed would cause her aunt to die.

"Remember, she is a frail old lady; I think his idea is as keen as it is evil. There is only one thing for us to do to my mind in case she does smash the glass, and that is to tell fully and at once just what we overheard. I don't care, sir, to be an accessory either before or after the fact."

"Hush," warned the doctor. "What a veritable old sounding board this house is in the dead of night. Don't you hear? Edith is in the dining room overhead and there are steps on the second story stairs. Her aunt must have roused—she must be descending. Great Lord, what was that?"

The scream that so startled the two men, coming as it did from above, was re-echoed even more horribly near at hand. The doctor sprang back to the window. He again peered down into the interior room. Carey was writhing in agony, yet his face was more ghastly from fear than pain.

IV

Silence for a moment throughout the old house, silence pent and intense as if collecting its powers for a revelation. Then came the clear, sweet tones of Mrs. Thayne's voice:

"Edith, dear, where are you?" she called. "Don't be afraid, my child. You must have been walking in your sleep again; no wonder you screamed when you wakened. Wait just a moment and auntie will come. I must make a light in the hall."

There was a glimmer from above far fainter than the swishing sound of one rushing with arms extended, far fainter even than the murmur of soft caresses.

"Oh, my poor, dear aunt," sobbed Edith. "Have I been sleeping? Would to God that I had, that I had, but believe me, waking or sleeping, I did not break it. I would not break it. I came because I could not stay; I was driven by fears of him, of fears for him."

"There, there, I know, I understand, you darling. You were dreaming about Grenville; you were worried because of the crack in the side piece of the mirror."

"That is most natural; I could not but tell you that it portended trouble for one that was near and dear to us both; and Grenville is, yes, he shall be as near and dear to me as to you."

"I have been thinking long; I could not sleep, and I have come to see that I have been hard and selfish in not realizing that I should find my happiness in yours; but I will fix all that Grenville's trouble is of course a money trouble. You shall have all you need to marry and to make a home."

"Thank God, the glass didn't smash; the danger to him isn't irremediable."

"But oh, it did smash, Auntie; it is smashed. It lies in bits on the floor, shivered as if from a sharp blow; but you will believe, you will believe that I did not do it, that I would not do it."

"Ah, my child, you could not do what the mysterious fate which has meted out life and death to this family for two centuries has chosen to do. You could not produce, you could not avert, you only can submit, even as I have submitted. Listen; if as I feared the crack in the side piece of the mirror portended danger or harm to Grenville then this subsequent smashing of the glass can mean but one awful thing. You must be prepared; there is no hope for him."

Again the scream, near at hand, more poignant, less piercing, as if the rack had done its work. Then the silence, pent, intense, telling by its very utterness how the two women upstairs were straining in the terror of the unknown.

The doctor came groping over the tubs, the hand that he rested on Lance's shoulder trembling so violently that he would have fallen to the floor but for the detective's support.

"He is dead, Lance," he muttered brokenly. "Frightened to death, though his injuries must have been severe. The fate he marked out for another came to himself. He believed, he believed; therefore he died. Perhaps this is the secret of superstition's power, that it is infernal, intrinsic, esoteric to the mind itself. Come, come, we must haste. Those poor women will be down, we must not see their grief. Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry."

"That's right, doctor," soothed the detective as he led the old man through the offices and out the side door, even as the halting steps of grief were coming down the stairs. "It's better to be sorry than glad, for otherwise I might have thought that it was you who smashed the glass with my bit of a hammer, just by way of experiment, you know."

FAMILIES OF PRISONERS.

How Kansas City Would Care for Dependents of Evildoers.

From the Kansas City Star.

Until recently when the city punished a man for an offence the heavier punishment fell on his family, which was deprived of his support during the time he spent in the workhouse. Under the humane and sensible plan adopted by the Board of Public Welfare under the presidency of William Volker the family no longer is punished for the misdeeds of the husband or father.

As Jacob Billikopf explained to the City Club yesterday the board has accurate account kept of a man's product at the workhouse and devotes the proceeds in excess of 50 cents a day to his family. When necessary this amount is supplemented by the board from its funds. In the case of paroled men who cannot get on with their families for various reasons the board undertakes to collect what amounts to alimony for the families' support.

It is collecting from such paroled prisoners from $100 to $150 a week and paying this over to families that under the old system would have become charity charges.

Snake Poison From Old Boot.

Greeley correspondence Denver Republican.

John Mahoney attempted to draw the fang of a rattlesnake from his boot this morning and as a result is in a Denver hospital.

Finding a nest of snakes near Grover, he took a heavy sawhide boot and allowed a snake to strike it. The fangs caught in the leather.

Mahoney carried the boot to the house and forgot the episode until a wounded finger began to swell. He then remembered that he had touched the boot near where the snake had buried its fangs with the injured finger.

Mahoney was bitten by a rattler three years ago in Wyoming and almost died as a result.

SUMMER RESORTS. NEW JERSEY. Lake Hopatcong.

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